

The TEMPTRESS

BY H. M. EGBERT

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The little Welshman and Van Trevor looked at each other in the rich man's library. The little Welshman was obviously in need of a job. Van Trevor thought. A sense of compassion rose up in him as he inspected the shabby figure.

"Well, Mr. Evans?" he inquired blandly.

"I have come with reference to that advertisement for a man to catalogue your books," said Evans. His heart was thumping madly; he was desperately afraid Van Trevor would see his need and cut down the salary.

"You are acquainted with the classics, I believe?" inquired Van Trevor. "Yes, sir. I studied Greek and Latin at Cardiff university. I know French and German, a little Hebrew, some Spanish."

Van Trevor extended his hand cordially. "My dear fellow, that is satisfactory," he said. "The work should last about three months. You understand it is not permanent, of course?" he added.

"I only need it for the summer, sir," replied the little Welshman. "I am studying at the Theological seminary. I have a means of working off our board after the term begins."

He hesitated. The use of the plural form had betrayed what he had not been anxious to reveal. "My wife and myself," he explained, hesitating.

Van Trevor nodded. "Well, my dear fellow, about the salary," he said. "Would—er—forty dollars a week be satisfactory?"

The little Welshman could not restrain a gasp. He had expected twenty, he had hoped daringly for twenty-five.

"That's settled, then," said Van Trevor. "And now, Mr. Evans, you



"She's Too Good for That Little Shrimp," must lunch with me and meet Mrs. Van Trevor."

Mrs. Van Trevor proved to be a little, vivacious brunette. She shook hands with Evans cordially, and they sat down to lunch in a magnificently furnished room, while a butler served them.

Evans was conscious of a painful diffidence. A gentleman by birth, a long period of hardship had made him self-conscious. He wondered whether he was using his knife and fork correctly. The Van Trevors seemed sticklers for etiquette. In Wales one met all classes upon a free and easy basis; here there seemed to be a conventionalized ritual, a little different, and puzzling. The Van Trevors drew him out about his wife. "You must bring her to see us," said the rich man's wife, as they parted.

II.

Lella Evans' beauty and copper hair was the sensation of Mrs. Van Trevor's afternoon. The girl had been married six months. She had run away from a wealthy home in Cardiff to go to America with the little Welshman. Those six months had been of unmitigated hardship. Her illusions of happiness in the New World were shattered. She loved her husband, but she hated the sordid barrenness of life in furnished lodgings. The visit to the Van Trevors had opened up a new vista of life for her.

She clung to Evans' arm as they left the house together. "Dear," she said, "Mrs. Van Trevor has asked me to come to the house every day to act as her secretary. What do you think of it? She is going to pay me twenty-five dollars a week!"

Evans was overcome by emotion. "They are splendid people, Lella," he said. "Who would have thought that we should find such good friends in New York? It looks like a prosperous future for us, doesn't it, dear?"

Elsie Van Trevor and her husband sat together in their drawing room after the guests had gone.

"What do you think of them?" asked Van Trevor.

"She's dear," said Elsie. "She's too good for that little shrimp. Too good altogether."

"Poor little devil!" said Van Trevor. "He told me he's saving up for an operation on his ear. He says it's likely to prove serious some day if he doesn't have it done."

"She's too good for him," his wife repeated, following her train of thought. "I don't see how she came to marry him. If I have any chance I'm going to open her eyes. Why, he isn't even a gentleman, dear."

III. Elsie Van Trevor had gone to their bungalow at the seashore and taken her secretary with her. The little Welshman was cataloguing the books in the library alone.

He missed his wife greatly. It was their first separation. Somehow he felt that Mrs. Van Trevor's sudden friendship for Lella boded ill for them both. But Lella had been crazy to go; there were to be house parties and all sorts of gaiety, and later Evans was to be invited for a day or two.

Somewhere a bell had been ringing furiously all the morning. The little Welshman wondered where it could be. He threw up the window and looked out. Suddenly a violent pain shot through his head, as if a knife had pierced him. The bell was in his own head. And the pain was stabbing without cessation.

He screamed with the agony of it. He tried to stagger across the room, collapsed, and moaned upon the floor. He saw Van Trevor standing over him, a look of fear in his eyes. Then through a period of unconsciousness he grew to a dim realization of the jolting ambulance, the hospital, the white-capped nurses, and the sickening stench of the ether cone.

He opened his eyes to find himself in a bed in the hospital. His head was swathed in bandages.

"You'll do finely now," the nurse said, and he opened his eyes a second time to see Van Trevor at his side.

"How are you, my dear chap?" he asked. "By George, that was touch and go, but the surgeon says you're all right now."

"You haven't told my wife?" asked Evans weakly.

"No. I thought it best not to alarm her," answered the other.

Van Trevor never came again through the slow days of convalescence. Evans' letters to Lella were unanswered. Gradually a sickening fear began to cover the little Welshman, a sense of some undefinable tragedy. At last, when two weeks had passed, he was permitted to leave the hospital. He hurried to the Van Trevor house. The butler, who opened the door, stood in his way.

"Mr. Van Trevor left a letter for you, sir," he said, handing him a missive.

The little Welshman opened it. It stated briefly that the work had come to an end, and included a check for five hundred dollars.

Evans tore the check to pieces and turned away from the house in blind agony and rage.

IV.

The bungalows stood side by side in their trim plots at the edge of the shore. Near by, at the huge hotel, were music and dancing, and the mirth of holiday-makers. Many couples, strolling along the road, looked askance at the seedy little man, with the bandage about his head, who walked hurriedly toward the bungalow at the end of the row.

In the shadow of a pine tree Evans halted. The bungalow was ablaze with lights. He heard the voices of Van Trevor and his friends, and the tittering laughter of his wife. Then came a laugh that made him clutch at his heart—Lella's.

Then suddenly the little Welshman seemed to become inspired with a strong personality that had never been his. He strode through the open door into the living-room, and stood there at the door.

He saw a look of fear in Van Trevor's eyes, astonishment in the guests', wonder in Lella's. The little, shabby man suddenly dominated the situation. "Hugh!" exclaimed Lella, leaping to her feet. "You are ill! What is the matter?"

"I have come to take you home, dear," said Evans.

Mrs. Van Trevor advanced with mincing steps. "This is Lella's husband," she explained to the group. "He has been unwell, you know. Mr. Evans, it would really have been more seemly to have written."

"Come, dear," said Evans, taking his wife's arm in his. In that moment he saw all the struggle in the girl's soul; the old love and the new pleasure. It was a hard test for her, beaten by the storms of uncertainty.

"Lella is certainly not going away with you," exclaimed Elsie Van Trevor, or angrily. "This is an outrage! Lella, dear, we will protect you."

With a swift, passionate gesture Evans tore the bracelets from Lella's arms, the pendant from her neck, and cast them down. And, while they still stared at them, they were gone, and Lella clung to her husband's neck in the darkness.

"Hugh, dearest!" she wept. "What was it? Why didn't you write? I didn't know you had been ill. They wanted me to get a divorce—O, Hugh, if you hadn't come they would have made me do anything—anything. Keep me! Guard me! Never leave me again!"

And in her husband's clasp she felt at last a safeguard against the dangers that had beset her, and knew that thenceforward their real life would be together.

His Disinclination.

"Come, my brother," invited Deacon Hawhee, addressing a stranger who had wandered into the revival meeting, "don't you want to find me heavenly hand?" "No, sah; but I ankee for de bid, deas de same!" was the polite reply. "I done played de trombone in a minstrel band all last season, and isn't got me dan half nuth sa'ry twell plumb yit!"—Kansas City Star.

Grease the Nail.

All mechanics know that a nail when oiled or greased is much more readily driven through hard woods. Elmer S. Ellis of Pomona, Cal., has devised a receptacle for grease or other lubricant, to be contained in the handle of a hammer into which the nail can be inserted and withdrawn without wasting the lubricant and at little loss of time.—National Magazine.

General Omission.

People occasionally announce their intention of "summering" or "wintering" here or there, but oddly enough they never say they will "fall" or "spring" in any place in particular.

AMERICAN TROOPS FIGHTING IN HAITI



Bluejackets from the United States ship Washington are here shown ashore near Port-au-Prince, Haiti, attacking a party of rebels in the bush. The American forces have now about restored order in the black republic.

CZAR OF BULGARIA AND HIS GENERALS



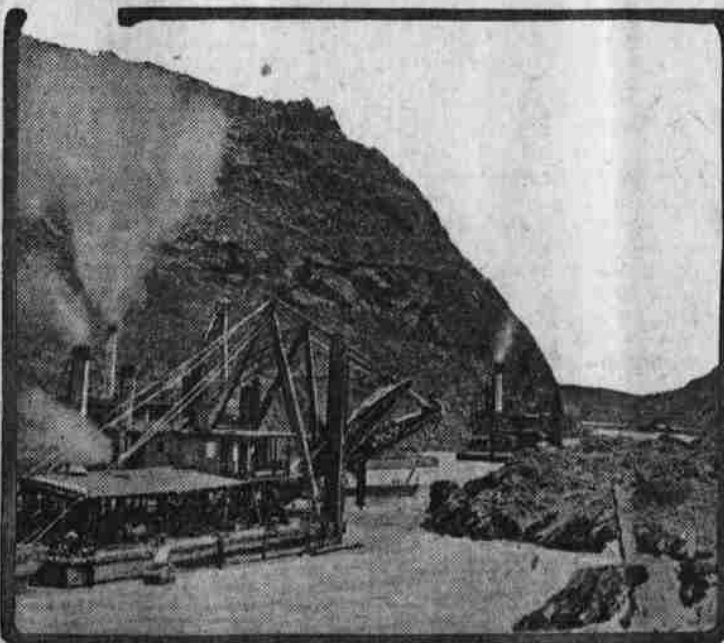
Ferdinand, czar of Bulgaria (in the right foreground), and the leading generals of the army with which he is attacking Serbia.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN IN AMERICA



The marquis and marchioness of Aberdeen are now making a tour of the United States and Canada for the purpose of attending various meetings and of delivering lectures on social topics. Lord Aberdeen, who has twice been viceroy of Ireland, was made a marquis last January. The marchioness is president of the International Council of Women.

PANAMA CANAL BLOCKED BY SLIDES



This photograph shows dredges working on the latest slides that have blocked the Panama canal just north of Gold hill. Slides occurred on both banks and the land pushed up formed an island in the center of the channel. The canal may not be opened again to traffic before the end of the year.

OLD WEATHER SAYS

Here are a few weather signs which are older probably than anyone living today. Experience has shown them to be fairly reliable, and some of them can be explained on a scientific basis:

Moonlight nights have the heaviest frosts.
The higher the clouds the finer the weather.
The farther the sight the nearer the rain.

If the sun sets in gray.
The next will be a rainy day.
When the wind's in the south.
The rain's in its mouth.
The wind in the west,
Suits everyone best.
Evening red and morning gray,
Help the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red,
Bring down rain upon his head.
When the clouds appear like rocks
and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.—Farm and Fireside.

NEW BRITISH GAS HELMET



This is the latest gas helmet issued to the British troops for protection in the trenches against the deadly fumes from German gas bombs.

Activities of Women.

The women conductors on the Glasgow tram cars wear green straw hats and black watch tartan skirts. Thirty-five per cent of the women in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts have to work for a living outside the home.

The threatened grand jury investigation of the juvenile court in Chicago is said to be a direct attack on Miss Mary Bartelme, assistant judge of the court.

The majority of the boatmen in Wales having gone to war, their places have been taken by women, who take people out for a sail or a row in the same safe way as the men did.

Women munition workers in the Vickers factory in England are earning from \$4 to \$5 per week of six shifts of 54 hours. They wear overalls of butcher blue, caps to match, leather gloves and strong boots. They all live together in a house close to the factory.

Our Friend, the Doctor.

A doctor is a member of the greatest and most beneficent and unselfish of all the learned professions. We just at the doctors in our hours of health, but when disease seizes upon the strength of manhood, when even the mighty Caesar cries like a sick child, when the hour of pain is upon us, then, in the hushed chamber and by the lonely lamp of the watcher, we invoke the merciful ministrations of the doctor, and with willing feet he comes through the storm and darkness, and with skill and patience and courage he battles with disease and beats back death from the house of life.

Evidently Not.

Bacon—Who is the bow-legged man?
Egbert—Oh, he's one of our self-made men.
"Well, say, isn't there any law against faulty construction in your town?"

To Arrest Careless Citizens.
Fire inspectors in Birmingham, Ala., have been directed that when hazardous conditions conducive to fire are discovered the owner or occupant of the premises is to be arrested.

DECIDED TO KEEP "HANNER"

Comment of Uncle Josh Certainly No Tribute to Charms of Attendants at "Exchange."

The conversation in a club the other afternoon turned to the unsophisticated, when Senator Claude Kitchin of North Carolina recalled a happy little incident about Uncle Josh. Uncle Josh, who lived far back in the crimson clover zone, happened into the big city one day and found himself standing before a woman's exchange. That was a new one on Josh, and for a long while he stood there and thoughtfully pondered. Finally he entered the building.

"I s'pose, ma'am," said he, addressing one of the attendants, "that this is the woman's exchange?"

"Yes, this is the woman's exchange," replied the attendant. "What can we do for you?"

"I s'pose," continued Josh, glancing alternately at the two or three women in the office, "that you are the only women folks here?"

"There are no others," was the wondering response of the attendant.

"Um," thoughtfully observed Josh, starting toward the door, "then I guess I'll jes' keep Hanner."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Improving on Shakespeare.

A member of the business staff of Robert Mantell, the actor, tells of a conversation he overheard "in front" on the occasion of Mr. Mantell's production of "Hamlet" in a western town.

"Oh, Harry," said the young woman, "I think it's an awful shame to drown Ophelia and kill Hamlet. They ought to have been married."

Whereupon Harry heaved a sigh and looked earnestly at his companion.

"I ain't great on tragedy," said he, "but that's how I should fix it."

Choice of Hostels.

"What is the best hotel?" the newcomer inquired.

"The one down the street," replied the native, reflectively, "has the best dining room for dancing. But the one around the corner has the best roof garden and skating rink. And—oh, yes, I nearly forgot, there's an old-fashioned tavern up three or four blocks where you might get something to eat."—Judge.

Of Course.

"I want to git a bed an' a mattress," said Farmer Wayback, entering a Newark furniture store.

"Yes, sir," replied the furniture dealer; "a spring bed and spring mattress, I suppose?"

"No; I want that kind that kin be used all the year round."—Mrs. Emma L. P. Wilcox, California.

Suited the Occasion.

"I dreamed yesterday that I was riding a wild horse."

"Must have been a night mare."

WHERE HE WAS CARELESS

Miranda Was Surely Capable of Giving Expert Opinion Upon One Point, at Least.

"What do you know of the character of the defendant?" the judge asked a negro washerwoman subpoenaed in an accident case. A white man had been arrested for careless driving of a second-hand car.

"Hit's tollable," Miranda said.

"Have you ever seen him drive his car before?"

"Yes, sah."

"Would you consider him careless?"

"Well, jedge, ez fer de car—dat little thing ain't gwinter hurt nobody, but being us is all here, I might ez-well tell yo' dat he sho' is careless 'bout payin' fo' his wash!"—Case and Comment.

Why Do the Girls Do It?

"Why do only very pretty girls wear their hair in knots over their ears?" asked Jenkins.

"Because fur earmuffs cost money in these war days," ventured Jenkins. "They wouldn't, probably, if they knew constant covering up the ears tends to deafness, besides being unsanitary," said the doctor. "The ears require air as well as the face."

"Fahaw!" returned Jenkins, "they cover their ears because they don't wish to hear all the pretty things said about them."

"Jenkins, you don't know a thing about human nature, as exemplified in the pretty girl," retorted the doctor. And they all laughed.

Unexpected Reply.

The teacher had been giving a long lecture on the need of a good education, and, wishing to know if it was making a good impression on her pupils, she asked: "What is the best thing to take through life with you?"

You can imagine how pleased she was when her favorite pupil, who was usually rather dreamy, quickly raised his hand. "Well, John, I'm glad to see that you've been paying attention. You may tell us."

She was much dismayed when he innocently answered: "A good girl!"

Adaptable Art.

"Let us tarry a moment before this cubistic picture."

"What does it represent?"

"War."

"I wonder what it would represent if turned upside down?"

"You never can tell about these cubistic pictures. It might represent peace."

Possibly.

"The big financiers seem to be worrying an awful lot about the flood of gold that's coming to this country from Europe."

"Maybe they're afraid the common people will get hold of some of it."

All news isn't as black as it is printed.

On the Side of Science — Grape-Nuts!



Certain elements are necessary for building stout bodies and active brains. The great majority of these all-important elements for life and health are supplied by Nature in her field grains, wheat and barley. But white flour products lack these essential elements—Why?

Because the miller to make his flour look white and pretty throws out about 4/5ths. of the mineral content of the wheat necessary for building brain, nerve and muscle.

Scientific opinion is on the side of

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

for supplying balanced nutritive values.

Not only does this famous pure food supply all the sound nourishment of the wheat, including the vital mineral elements—sturdy builders of brain, nerve and muscle—but of malted barley as well.

Grape-Nuts is easily digested, generally in about an hour—white flour products require about three hours.

Grape-Nuts is always ready to eat direct from the dust-proof, moisture-proof, germ-proof packet—delicious and economical!

Not alone from the scientific side but from the view-point of better health thousands have come to know

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